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BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH,

AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE

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W. L. Gressler.

MEMORIAL

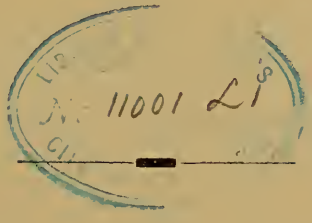
OF

Rev. David Loy Tressler, Ph. D.,

Late President of Carthage College,

WHO DIED

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1880.



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TO

OUR AGED MOTHER, TO THE BEREAVED WIFE,
TO THE CHILDREN OF HIS LOVE.

AND TO THE

NUMEROUS FRIENDS

OF THE

SUBJECT OF THESE PAGES,

SO

LOVED AND ESTEEMED BY ALL IN LIFE,

AND NOW

IN MEMORY SO DEAR,

HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

DEDICATE THIS MEMORIAL.

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."

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MEMORIAL.

REV. DAVID LOY TRESSLER, PH. D.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

To do honor to the name, and to perpetuate the benediction of a noble life, this memoir is prepared. The influence of such a life, like the fragrance of the alabaster box Mary broke on the person of the Saviour, cannot die; and like the aroma of the crushed flower, is magnified by the event which hastened it to its immortal destiny.

It is fitting that this record should be made, not only that tender and holy feelings may find an appropriate response, but that this name may be permanently inwoven with that history which God made through him and that those who now are, and shall come after, may share the good inspiration it furnishes.

Dr. Tressler was born in the village of Loysville, Pa., February 15, 1839, and died in Carthage, Ills., on Friday morning, February 20, 1880, in the 42d year of his age. He was the son of the late Col. John Tressler, who died at Loysville, A. D. 1859. His venerable mother, now in her seventy-third year, still survives him, and cheered him with her presence and

blessing in his last moments. He enjoyed the boon of a pious home, and was early brought under that excellent religious training upon which, both in the home and in the church, the denomination to which he belonged, and of which he became so distinguished an ornament, puts so much emphasis. At an early age he publicly confessed his Lord, and became a "chosen vessel," a standard-bearer in the church that now mourns his loss. His early education was received in the public schools of his native town, and his preparation for college in the Loysville Academy, founded by his father, and of which he became the Principal in after years.

In 1857, he was admitted to the Sophomore Class in Pennsylvania College, and graduated with the first honor in 1860. In the summer of 1862 he gave up his position in the Academy, and as captain of a company chiefly raised from among his own students, entered the army. He participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg; in the latter engagement he was wounded twice. After his recovery he resumed his command, and passed through the memorable battle of Chancellorsville. At the expiration of his term of service he was tendered a colonel's commission, which he saw best to decline.

His military career was marked by that courage and fidelity to duty which brought him distinction wherever he wrought. In the army, as in the parish

and in the school, he won the affection and esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact. A beautiful illustration of the regard in which he was held by his comrades in arms, was given at the "Grand Reunion of the Regiment," at the close of the war, when he received an elegant gold watch from those whom he had taught in the school, and commanded on the field.

It is a strange experience, as from the faded flowers that now lie on his grave we look back upon it; but who knows but that God, right there amid the roar and smoke of battle, was training our brother for the higher positions he was destined to fill?

After he returned from the army he entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. His legal career extends over a period of five years, and though short, it was long enough to secure to him, in the community where he resided, the distinction of the "brilliant young lawyer."

Dr. Tressler had rare gifts for this noble profession, and if he had sought fame and wealth, it is not likely that he would have been disappointed had he continued in that particular sphere. But God gave him a great heart as well as a good mind, and he aspired to something nobler than the bubble of earth's fame, or the bauble of its gold. To a loved one he said: "If I wish to be rich in this world's goods, I will remain in the legal profession—if rich in the next world, I will enter the ministry." Accord-

ingly, in 1870 he removed to Mendota, Ills., and in the autumn of the same year entered the ministry of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and was immediately called to Lena, where he labored with great acceptance until his removal to Carthage. How much he was esteemed as pastor and preacher, those to whom he ministered bear truthful and touching testimony in the memorial words they have contributed to these pages. But all these various positions of trust, challenging all that is noble in a true manhood, were but stepping-stones to a higher place and a greater work, for which God would fit his servant.

In 1872 he was elected a professor of Carthage College, and entered at once upon his new position. He very soon evinced the rare gifts of a college president, and was chosen to that responsible position in 1873. After serious thought and prayer, he accepted the place to which he was appointed, and continued in it until he died.

He had a keen conviction of the responsibilities and difficulties of the position, and nothing but a sense of duty would lead him to accept; and when he did yield, he well knew that whatever crown might await him in the future, a heavy cross was all that he could expect for years to come. The thought is beautifully expressed in his reply to a letter from his family on hearing of his promotion. He says: "I thank you all for your congratulations, but, as I have said to many others who have written to me letters of con-

gratulation, I say to you that *condolence* is more befitting the occasion. I am not without appreciation of the honor of the post; but this crown is one full of thorns hidden in the laurel and bays, unseen by others, but keenly felt by the wearer. Work! work! work! is incident to the post. Of work I am not, never was, afraid. But trials, self-denial, heart-aches, and ills that careless observers dream not of, are the lot of a college president. Especially is this the case with the first president of any college. * * * It is a mighty work to found a college, and half the work devolves upon its president. Looking at the matter in this, its true light, think not of me as gloating exultingly over this promotion. I tremble in the presence of the greatness of the work. When I look within and upon myself, all seems dark; when I look around upon efficient coadjutors, I take hope; when I look above, 'hope smiles reviving round.' God can accomplish his purposes with weak instruments, and he often does so, that his glory may be promoted. * * * The building up of this institution is the most momentous work we have in the West. Unless I can secure the co-operation of the Church generally, and of my friends particularly, I dare not undertake it. Prospects are good, very good, and success under God can be easily attained by united effort."

These are the words of a hero-heart, of a man wise to count the cost, and yet willing to follow his Lord's

lead, no matter what might betide. In accepting this responsible position, no one interested in the good work knew so well as himself what awaited him; but he possessed too great a soul to shrink from duty because its way seemed to point through some Gethsemane, or by the foot of some Calvary. For this place Dr. Tressler was eminently endowed both by nature and by grace. With an experience in life so varied that it developed him on many sides, he brought to his task those multiform gifts which rarely combine in one man. He had a clear, sprightly mind, was of quick perception, and able to retain and happy to communicate to others the knowledge he possessed. His imagination was vivid without being extravagant, his judgment was well balanced, while his will, though firm, was cautious in its decision. His speech was fluent and graceful as his person, and yet free from empty and pompous parade. He was of modest mien, and carefully avoided undue prominence; and whilst quick to avail himself of any opportunity that would minister to the cause he loved so well, or to the common good in any wise, he would take no advantage of his position to magnify self. Not only what he possessed, but what he was, was cheerfully brought to the shrine of the noble cause to which he gave both service and devotion. He was the last man who would have said it of himself, or would have allowed it to be said in his presence by another; and yet, as I think of the difficulties he manfully contended against,

and of the sacrifices he took upon himself that Carthage College might be established, and that dying men might have the Gospel, I cannot but think of this noble utterance of Paul as in no small degree applicable to him: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

But the noblest and greatest endowment of Dr. Tressler was the manly and well-rounded soul within him. A man of large sympathy, and of unusual heart-power, it was not strange that he should be abundant in kindly ministry, and, without intent, secure to himself the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. His personal charms, along with his graces, readily secured for him a place in the hearts of the students; and whether in the execution of discipline, or in the performance of the ordinary duties incident to his office, they always felt that he was their friend, ever ready to do what he could for their highest good and happiness. Many a student will long remember him, not only as a faithful instructor and spiritual guide, but as a benefactor, who gave ready response to all appeals to his sympathy and help. He was appreciative alike of the trials and perils of youth, and for these he had a mother's heart and a father's counsel. Beset as he was with that variety of habit and disposition which is always to be found in so large a

school, and so apt at times to come into bold, if not disorderly manifestation, he needed that peculiar gift of tact which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and which made him happily adequate to any emergency.

Dr. Tressler's devotion to the institutions of the Church, and his noble generosity of soul were marked, and have made for themselves a permanent monument. In addition to his large contributions to the Church and to the College, he remembered the orphan. When the Tressler Orphan's Home was transferred to the Church, he held an interest of $500 in it, which he cheerfully donated to this noble charity. He looked upon the institution which bears his honored father's name with pride, and no one rejoiced more than he to see this building set apart to so sacred a use, and no one longed more than he to have its divine mission take a deeper hold upon the heart of the Church.

Added to excellent administrative ability was his business faculty, which led the Board of the College, shortly after his election to the presidency, to lay upon him the additional labor and responsibility of treasurer of the institution, an office involving an amount of care and toil quite sufficient for one man alone; but he saw the vital relation of the position to the successful founding of the College, and he accepted the post, and filled it with marked ability up to the time of his death. His whole heart and life were given up to the successful establishment of the

great trust the Church had committed to him. He was always on the alert for anything that might enhance the permanent advance of the College. Hence from the beginning it seemed to him that a church organization and building in Carthage, in keeping with the character of the institution, were necessary.

In the letter, from which I have already quoted, he observes, "We must have a church, and are compelled to build somewhat in keeping with our enterprise." * * "If we cannot have a church, we cannot carry on the College successfully; we must have it." Into this good work he entered with his usual resolution, sparing neither time, means, nor personal endeavor, until he was permitted to see the desire of his heart. To that beautiful structure, the largest and best church building in the place, I may say in justice, he was the most liberal contributor, and at the time of his death its beloved pastor. No memory is more sacred, nor to many so sweet, as that associated with his earnest ministry there. On the last Sabbath of the year he administered the Lord's Supper and preached from Ps. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." His theme was "The Arithmetic of Life." How solemnly significant, how almost prophetic! One speaking of the sermon says, "It was very impressive. The problem was so forcibly stated that that undefinable, unknown quantity, Death, was presented to the mind with startling vividness." On the 25th January he preached his

last sermon in Carthage, from John i. 17: "For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." His last word from the pulpit was a noble testimony to the love of Christ, and to the all-sufficiency of his atonement for sin. He was identified with one other service in this church, which was full of interest, and marked with a solemnity that is best appreciated now. The tower of the church had been finished during the year, and on the last day of the year a bell had been placed in it.

What followed, the lips now still forever can best tell. I quote from his words in the *Observer:* "During the closing hours of the last day of '79 the Church was open to all. Many came to participate in the exercises appropriate to the parting year, and dedicatory of the bell which had that day been lifted into its place. The interest culminated when the supreme moment of the year had come, and an expectant people heard the bell's first proclamation. In the darkness of the midnight, 'on the bosom of the palpitating air,' in tones strange and weird, loud, clear, and musical, the monarch of the tower 'rang out the old, rang in the new.'" It was on that occasion that Dr. Tressler made this, now memorable, remark: "For which of us shall this bell toll a funeral knell?" Little did he think then, as little those who listened to him, that for him its iron tongue would first peal a requiem.

Even then the bright beams of the opening gates be-

yond were falling upon him, and his highest and brightest promotion was near at hand. There is much to warrant the belief that the ripening soul was now being urged forward by the fuller and holier revelation of the "things which are not seen, and eternal." Oh, how great was his sense of duty, and how strong his desire to serve in the blessed Gospel! and where the surroundings were wholly incompatible with any selfish motive. On Sabbath, February 1st, he had an engagement to preach in a village twelve miles distant, to a small congregation which he was serving. The day was inclement, and the roads so heavy as to necessitate his going on horseback. He hesitated at first, but his great soul could not endure the thought that even the few that might come to hear him should be disappointed. He reached his appointment a little late, chilled and fatigued, and found the congregation anxiously waiting for him, and felt in his soul a happy sense of approval that he had come. It was not the severe exposure to which he had subjected himself that he thought about, but the faithful discharge of a duty which he loved. He would not have "Jesus bear the cross alone;" and certainly on that day he shared its burden.

He took his text from John iii. 7, "Ye must be born again," and preached with unusual power and pathos. One who listened to him remarked his great earnestness and his inability to control his feelings, something he had never failed to do before.

Ah! if he did not, God knew it was the last time this noble ambassador of his gospel would speak in his name. That sermon was an event in his life, a voice in behalf of Christ and his truth, whose sweet tone will never fall out of the hearing of men—a memory that will linger with those who heard him, and ever repeat to them the one only gospel of the new life. What were the thoughts and anticipations of this good man as, after such a ministry, he turned homeward, exhausted in body, but bright and cheerful in soul? It is possible that few knew it, but the whole temper of the man would indicate what was true—he was betimes on the transfigured mount, and "saw no man save Jesus only."

But that was the fatal day. He reached home oppressed with a feeling of great prostration, and having contracted a cold from which originated the illness which terminated his life. The next day was his last in the College; battling with his usual sense of fidelity and strong will, he insisted on attending to his duties. At the chapel service in the morning, he joined heartily in singing, "I love to tell the story," and "Shall we meet beyond the river?" How happy the combination, and what a beautiful ray of light these selections throw upon the shaded memory we have of him. Were these words, in the singing of which he heartily joined that memorable morning, a revelation of his heart's desire as a servant of Christ, and of his brightest anticipation, as amid his burden of

care and of weariness, he looked away to the "rest that remaineth to the people of God?" The conjecture is not sweeter, I am sure, than it is in delightful harmony with what went before, and followed after. Those who knew him will remember how passionately fond he was of music, especially when in sentiment and harmony it was unto Him who had loved him and given Himself for him. Gifted with a clear, melodious voice, he always threw his whole soul into this part of worship, and sometimes seemed quite carried away with an exercise that often opened to his weary spirit the gates of heaven. It would have been farthest from him to have laid any claim to ability in sacred song, but his was no mean gift here; his soul was full of music, and among the blessed memories many will cherish of him, will be the happy heart and the ring, ing tones with which he sang the praises of his God and Redeemer. The next day after his last visit to the College he kept his bed. The day following February 4th, he entertained his mother and a company of friends in honor of her seventy-second birthday; and although unable to give them his presence but for a little time, he joined heartily in the joy of the occasion, and was quite hopeful respecting himself. But the light of his earthly life had commenced to wane, and he was soon to celebrate another jubilee in heaven. He rapidly grew weaker, but nothing really serious was felt until Friday of the week preceding his death. On that day he was taken with a severe

nervous chill, from which he never rallied. Then the strong, sanguine soul began to feel that the clay tenement was crumbling, and that its flight might soon be toward home. There was very much to make the desire to live very strong. There, in sight, stood Carthage College. What prayers, and tears, and toil, and untold anxiety, it had cost him! It was his pride, and he longed to put the glory of its permanent establishment in the crown of his Master. His hopes were not yet fully realized.

In addition, his strong affection for his family contributed to his commendable desire to live. His home love, his domestic excellence, were elements of his greatness. How heartily he joined in the innocent glee of the children; the Christmas festival before his death was a sunny hour in his home, and he would spare no pains to make it a joy to the children. He had much of the gentle, trustful spirit of the child, and never was too busy, nor too far up in his thought, to listen to their appeals, to help them in their troubles, and to hush their sobs. He was not only an affectionate husband, but a model father as well; and many outside who knew him there, as well as those who remain now alone within, will often call his kindly ministries in the home to mind, and be wont to say as they miss the welcome greeting, the genial face, the warm glow of touch and word, and the voice that so often mingled gladly in the holy worship of the hearthstone—

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

But with all these strong ties to bind him to earth, as soon as he discovered that the light of the other world was beginning to fall upon his vision, he said with frequency and emphasis, "His will be done—His will be done." It is not strange that about the dying bed of such a man there should settle such a halo of the celestial.

Now, as never before, he was sustained and happy, while with quickened faith and brightening hope, he looked at the unseen and eternal. His love for the Church, for the College, and for his beloved family, was a ruling passion with him, and strong in death. As the light of earth grew dim, and the light of heaven grew bright, he said to the Rev. Mr. Kuhl, who stood near by, "Dear brother, repeat to me those sweet consolations of the gospel. O, if I am to live, that my life may be more entirely consecrated to dear Jesus! If I die, I will soon be with him in glory." A few moments of silence, and then he exclaimed, "O, my dear, dear children, that they may live for Jesus and glorify him in their lives, and meet me in heaven, and we will sing his praises forever together. O, my dear mother, I wish she were here, that I might clasp her to my bosom. I know she will meet me in heaven." And then he rambled away in delirium for a time, but soon its sad fancy was spent, and as his eye, freshly lighted from the throne,

caught in the cross the only ground of his hope, he exclaimed, "I repose it all—all in him! Has Jesus paid it all? What then do I owe? Yes, I'll submit my all to him. He'll *save* me! Isn't salvation greater than I?" On another occasion, naming the members of his childhood's and present home, he said, "O, when all have assembled with Jesus—with Jesus! The Lord grant it! O how delightful, how delightful! Singing with Jesus—all singing with Jesus!" At another time, waking out of a short slumber, he sang with a clear voice—

"I'm going home, I'm going home,
To die no more."

Turning his eye at one time toward the College, he said, "Oh God bless Carthage College! I would lay down my life for it—my all, which has cost so much endurance." And then, "O how I love the students—how my soul goes out for them." Turning to his wife, he said, "If your treasure was not laid up in heaven, and mine was not laid up there, your estate would be small; but the Lord will provide."

As the closing scene drew near, he would repeat at intervals verses of favorite hymns, such as "Rock of Ages." Shortly before his departure, his wife said to him, "Pa, do you know me?" "Yes," he answered, feebly. "Pa, you are almost home; will you watch over us?" "Yes," he answered, and then added, "By the help of God we'll all meet there." Among his last utterances was this—"O, the ladder! the

ladder! and Jesus at the foot!" What a legacy the bereaved family and friends, the whole Church, have in this testimony to the gospel, and to the noble manhood in the growth and adornment of which it was the chief instrument. It is well to preserve it. It is the rightful heritage of all who knew the departed, and of every friend of the Saviour he served. Let it stand as a hope-lit recollection amid the grief of so great an affliction; let it stand as an inspiration to all noble souls who are manfully contending for the faith of the cross; let it stand as an unanswerable protest against every assault of unbelief.

So lived and so died one of God's noblest witnesses, and one of the Church's most faithful, most self-denying servants.

"Servant of God, well done! They serve God well
Who serve His creatures. When the funeral bell
Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all
That decks the 'scutcheon and the velvet pall
Save this. The coronet is empty show—
The strength and loveliness are hid below.
The shifting wealth to others hath accrued,
The learning cheers not the grave's solitude.
What's *done* is what remains! Ah, blessed they
Who leave *completed tasks of love* to stay
And answer mutely for them, being dead!
Life was not purposeless, though life be fled."

Such is my humble tribute to the memory of one whom to know was to love. M. R.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. M. RHODES, D. D.

Delivered at the Funeral of President D. L. Tressler, at Carthage, Illinois, on Monday, February 23d, 1880.

TEXT—John xiii. 7—"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

THE words that will most glorify the Redeemer whom our brother loved and served, and whom he has now joined in the heavens above, will be the most fitting on this occasion, and do most honor to the life and memory of the departed. Whether we look into the word or into the providence of God, we read —"Though clouds and darkness are round about thee, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne." But God does not give us truth by halves; he brings the darkness and light into conjunction, and when we see the bow in the cloud, we know our Father is there, and though we can see the arch but dimly, we hear with all the distinctness of certainty, and all the tenderness of love, the word of promise, and we are content. To all the impenetrable mystery of life, when it breathes the spirit of faith, and in effort and aim harmonizes with the purpose of

God, there is a divine response—"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." And herein is the vast advantage of faith over unbelief, of a positive and divine revelation over the philosophy of men, and the groundless conjectures of human reason.

A cloud has settled upon us to-day, but for the children of the King, it is one of God's ways of throwing off in brighter and eternal effulgence the light that puts brightness and song into the night here, and that plays with a fadeless beauty on the brow that encircles the throne above. God is neither trifling with, nor restraining us in our higher growth, when he almost seems to rush upon us in a providence like this. We see the grim shadow it throws upon the hearth-stone, and sweeps over the whole scope of a noble life; but do we see the beauty, the glory, the immortality, as well? Is it a mystery within whose dripping gloom we seem hushed to silence and lost? But is it to faith's keen eye, and to love's penetrating glance a revelation also? God is not parsimonious of his revelation. Whether in the stars above, the sublime march of his providence, or in his written word, it is all for his children. What is this sad providence which has come to us with the suddenness of a shock, but the solemn step of him whose

"Mysterious deep of providence,
My wandering thoughts confound?"

But neither does God waste his revelation. He reveals himself as fast as we can rightly comprehend and appreciate his will. The beginner in science looks away to the shining heavens, and says—"What is there I know not now; but I shall know hereafter." And so the spiritual student sweeps his eye over the infinite expanse of God's purposes, and the revelation of the hereafter constantly comes to him, but only as adapted to his finite capacity. At the very most he but sees through a glass darkly, not that he does not see much, but that there is so much to see. The vision here is often a transport, and brings heaven and earth very near to each other. In the spiritual endowment, the eye of the soul now beholds in some partial way what the untrammeled vision of our brother now gazes upon in glory—"the King in his beauty." It is the flushed dawn of the eternal and cloudless day that is to follow. But withal, we cannot resist the impression of mystery, not simply because of our limited vision, but because of the inconceivable vastness of what lies beyond.

But God does not deceive us. "What I do thou knowest not now: but thou shalt know hereafter." God, my friends, has not given us promises that he will make his dealings plain and clear to us at the moment. It may require months, and even years, before his plan is fully unfolded to our finite understanding; and when we shall see it all, shall we not be stronger and better for the discipline of patience and faith?

To the bereaved in the home—to the bereaved in the College—to the bereaved in the Church our brother loved so much and served so well—shall I not say, go patiently and manfully on, where God has placed you, and in the realization of all your hopes, you will see nothing plainer than the vindication of God's wisdom and truth. The Apostle went to Rome round by the prison at Cæsarea. Moses first went into Midian before he returned to Egypt. We cannot see the end from the beginning; but God can. And what need the child fear, though the sun has gone down in the way, and gloomy clouds conceal the stars, if the Father's strong, warm hand clasp its own?

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

When God is in the lead, what is mystery to the loving and believing soul, but progress—to-day is the mystery of yesterday, death is the mystery of life, and heaven is the mystery of earth. Oh! I know, there were many turns, some of them sharp and sudden—many perplexities in the path of him who sleeps before us; but we know with what heroism of faith and hope, with what untiring and self denying effort, he pressed onward; and lo! sooner than he dreamed I am sure, and sooner than we felt he could be spared, the trembling veil that divides the present from the future parted in twain, and to that dear soul all mystery has vanished; the crooked path terminates in the celestial city, and he knows what it is to

be there. But we are not yet done with the winding way, and here, with the cup to our lips, God has gathered us in Gethsemane, and it seems dark.

But has not our Father said he chastens whom he loves? and now, shall we allow him not only to test, but to stimulate our faith? and shall we not hear some song in the night, as we think of these things—the blessed treasures he has unfolded in the very cloud that hangs upon us to-day? I was well-nigh struck dumb when I received the intelligence of Professor Tressler's death; but a few weeks ago he was a guest in my house, and we were all happy in the presence of his genial face; he brought us what he left wherever he went—a sunny vision, a hopeful word, and a lofty purpose—and now he is not; but I have reflected, I have listened to God's voice chiming across the sounding sea—at eventime it shall be light; I have stopped to see that in this great sorrow God has not appeared in any new aspect; it is one of his old ways, and the darkness here is indifferent by reason of the glory that excelleth beyond—it is evening with us, but shafts of golden light shoot up on the horizon, and with that tired and weary brother it is morning, and I am comforted; and I am sure we may all better know now what Paul means when he says, "Ye are saved by hope," and while faith makes glad, hope makes patient; and helped by this new addition to our anticipation, we will be glad in God to-day; for we shall go to him who will not any more come to

us, and then, as we see in the light in which our brother sees, our shout will be one, and this: "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things! to whom be glory forever, Amen."

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Then what God does, my friends, is in complete harmony with the believer's best life and destiny. We may not be able always to see it, but it is not more the response of God's word, than of a loving trust in him, whose we are, and whom we serve.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

Unbelief is lawlessness, and hence conflict; but when the life is humbly and lovingly submitted to the divine guidance, there can be no mistake, and what rest and peace come to that soul! What issues centered in the anxious thought of our brother; what holy and tender relationship seemed to resist the crushing of the golden bowl at the fountain at this time; but it was God's wisdom he trusted, not his own, and hence, with an emphasis that lightens our hearts to-day, and sounds like a victor's shout, he said, "Thy will be done." But now, as we think of all the noble interests this beloved brother had at heart, domestic, educational, and religious—and this last, with him, involved all—can you, who are imme-

diately touched by this sorrow, can you all, will you all, let faith in God triumph, and say it is best for us?

It is no sentiment, no stoical frigidity, but a sublime faith, that enables humanity with all its limitations to stand over the faded relics of earthly hope and say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We have great ocsasion for sorrow to-day, for in the human estimate the Church has lost a devoted minister and servant, the home a beloved husband and father, Carthage College a most efficient president and instructor, and what a vast multitude a kind and true friend. But now that the loss has come, shall we not—the home, the Church, the college, the community—take the large compensation God offers, in the blessings of this chastisement?

What symbols of beautiful affection and esteem I see about me! What means this great and sorrowing company of people—these flowers, expressive of the gentleness and joy so characteristic of our brother—and that sombre shadow, that like twilight falling on the prairie, has put a hush of sadness upon the whole Church? Ah! we know that no ordinary life and light have been quenched from our vision. But will not all these floral offerings fade before the immortal flash of the honor we shall bring to his memory, by the right improvement of the lessons and blessings God would give us now? But how shall we treasure the benediction that comes in such

a rain of sorrow? We shall best take it, and best retain it, by apprehending the coming of the Master in it. He came and has taken our brother to himself; and now, what does he mean, but that he would have us come and take him more fully and faithfully to ourselves? When he takes a saint, he but tells those that remain to hasten their work, that they may not be startled at his call.

Are we quite ready, my friends? And shall we be heedless of the warning, often well spoken, but now more solemn than ever, uttered by these mute lips? And will not such an improvement of this sorrow enlarge our best manhood, and put a fresh radiance into our destiny? Jesus wants no better, no grander throne than human hearts can give him; and if the home our brother adorned and loved, and the church he served, and the institution with which his name must now be so impressively associated, will more heartily, in all their variety of opportunity and capacity, exalt the Son of God, who will estimate the blessing of this bereavement, and how the noble life that has vanished so soon from sight, will be multiplied, and all to the praise of the glory of sovereign grace. I am comforted in the belief that in such a result we shall discover yet here on earth some interpretation of the Saviour's words—"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

But perchance some are startled that a life so noble, and to human view so indispensable, should be

cut off so soon. But, even now, have we not some solution to the mystery? Of course not, if we have no faith, and if our life consisteth in the abundance of the things which we possess. But if we read what God has written, and with the only vision that can see his meaning, we shall learn (and the lesson will lift us up) that it is not the length of a man's life, nor the material accumulations of it, that make it successful and immortal. No, nothing so dusty and doomed can give us the true estimate of a human life.

It is the standpoint from which it moves, it is its spirit, it is its aim; it is these, when they all throb out from God as a supreme centre, that make life true and complete. A little more than two score years, and the race is over, the battle is fought.

Less than a decade of years, and the great work of his life is ended; what if it should be just begun? "He lives longest who lives best." And how long our dear brother has lived, we may not compute by our limited methods. Life is not quantity—it is not a thing of so many days and years; it is a rational, and, in the present instance, it was a moral and spiritual force, so adjusted and spent as to make it yield a perpetual harvest. Death is only the interruption of a material and visible method; the life thrown into the irresistible current of holy influence goes on, and now that the sphere is that of immortality, its achievements will not be less, but more numerous and greater than ever. Gifted by nature, and broadened

by culture and his extensive associations with men, Dr. Tressler was peculiarly fitted for the very responsible position which he filled with that marked ability which many might covet, but few excel.

As I think of him as President of Carthage College, I can say in the language of this couplet of the poet:

> "Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
> It is the very place God meant for thee."

Perhaps few of us can appreciate the responsibilities of the position. What tact, what knowledge of human nature, what sharp discrimination and careful judgment, what variety and skill of operation, and yet in him what a happy blending of these; with the courtesy of the gentleman, he combined the dignity of the scholar: and to the firmness of the leader and governor, there was added the gentleness and grace of the Christian. So well balanced in his whole nature, he carried all his gifts forward in symmetrical development, so that the best would be led to say with a sigh—"We shall not soon see his like again." The burden was great, the strain tremendous; and as we think of it, and then of a frame not strong, and of the noble fires that burned within that soul, we may hardly wonder that the silver cord should so soon snap under the tension. Surely he was not the man to hide his talent away. He seemed ever urged forward by the flame of a pure but restless inspiration to accomplish a great work. An example of industry

and self-denial, now giving instruction in the class-room, now on the way through heat and cold to preach the gospel to the poor, and now to see to the material interests of the institution for which he lived and died, and now moving in kindly ministry to his family, always spending and being spent, I am sure I may apply to him these words of Mrs. Browning :

"Free men freely work,
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease."

Or this nobler utterance of the Apostle—"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

And is such a life brief or stayed because its human heart has ceased to beat? No man's life is short or indifferent who has wrought in the sphere of God's appointment and completed his work. And I am sure, could we see it, there is a fitness in a great soul, when it has laid its impress upon so wide a range of life, changing its sphere, and while being more immediately with God, it sweeps a far wider circle on earth.

"When a soul has seen
By the means of evil that good is best,
And through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene,
When its faith in the same has stood the test:—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labor are clearly done:
There remaineth a rest for the people of God,
And I have had troubles enough for one."

Our brother is gone, and yet he had but touched upon the borders of his prime; but with that singular

and simple devotion to a great and noble end, not for himself, but for others, which many of us feared was too rapidly consuming him, what a self-perpetuating force he has left in his life, and what sublime accumulations there are to be as the result of it!

Our blessed Lord was here but a few years—how very few in his active ministry!—but there was a great Cross in that life, and that Cross will be its impulse, its glorious immortality through the ages. We make no comparison of the divine with the human. But here was a principle, a spirit of self-denial, and an utter absence of all selfishness, that was the mighty force, the crowning glory of Christ's life. Christ loved us, and gave himself for us. Ah, that was, that is still, the source of power! He saw the world's need, and he gave the most he could—himself!

"He planted his cross in the midst of the mad roaring current of selfishness aggravated to malignity, and uttered from it the mighty cry of expiring love." And the whole universe thrilled with that cry. But, "from that moment a current deeper, and broader, and mightier, began to set heavenward, and it will continue to be deeper, and broader, and mightier, till its glad waters shall encompass the earth, and toss themselves as the ocean."

You see the power and glory of noble self-sacrifice. And is there anything that will so multiply and immortalize our human life, like that giving away of

one's self to others for the sublimest ends? It is he that saves his life that shall lose it. As I look back upon the life of Dr. Tressler, as I remember his earnest words and anxious prayers, as I see him going here and there that Carthage College might be securely established, that the kingdom of his Lord might be extended, and that this entire western world might be all permeated with the truest Christian culture, it seems to me self-denial to him was a luxury. He took up this cross and gloried in it, because it was his Lord's: and is such a life indifferent or a waste because it so soon disappears? Not by any earthly greatness, not by the parade of wealth, nor the fame of earthly wisdom; but by these master, these imperishable moral forces, he has impressed himself upon the thought and heart of the church and the community, and both, in the mere memory of him, will have a stimulus to everything good and noble that will not be put down, and blessed of God, will constantly result in a good and precious harvest.

Mary did not figure in the high places of earth, she did not mingle with the exciting scenes of a vain world, she knew nothing of the pomp of royalty, or the luxuries of wealth, but she broke the alabaster box on the person of her Lord, and the fragrance that then filled the house has since filled the world; it was the unselfish devotion of a noble soul to him who is in all and over all, God blessed forevermore; and, now, after the long ages have gone by, and the merely

earthly great have died and been forgotten, Mary lives, not less to-day, but more than when she stood up in such a holy ministry in Simon's house. And so, while this life was short, shorter I am sure than we could wish, yet it was just long enough to bring the alabaster box of a sublime devotion and self-denial; and now that it is broken so soon on Christ in the struggle for a noble end, we have the fragrance the sooner; and if this will not stir this community, and the whole church, to hasten now the consummation of our brother's wishes and prayers, what will? And that it shall, shall we not see God's wisdom in this providence—God's love in it; and will not this precious life be made to stretch on through the years, abundant in blessed ministry? Yes, we weep over him to-day, but O, the compensation in the glory of his life! in the fragrance of his immortality! Be comforted by this thought, dear friends, and the more as it is the assurance of him who sees all the way. "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

And now is it not fitting that I should stay a moment here to ask all of you, you students especially, you who are farther on in life, and have no impulse for living beyond the vanishing present, "What is your life?" Is it only an opportunity for worldly or baser gratification—for the satisfaction of the lust of gain, or of earthly pleasure, or of power, or of anything else that perishes in the using? Is this all?

Then you may breathe, but you have not commenced to live. All your outlay of opportunity, and time, and gift, is but waste; your name is written in the dust, you have no hold on the great forces of life, and when you are done, what will you have? Just what you have lived for—dust! "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." I am sure I would bring comfort to these mourning ones, and most highly respect the memory of our departed brother, if, by the excellence of his life, the sorrow of his death, and the imperishableness of his memory, I could lead any of you to such a consecration of yourselves to God and to the highest good of humanity, as is so impressively put before us in the scene that has called us together to-day. It is something to attain to position, to wealth, to greatness here, but it is infinitely more to attain to moral and spiritual excellence, and to help others up to the divine method and aim of life. If you have only, when your life comes to a close (and how many have only these), the things you can handle and count, your possessions are but an accumulation of trash, and when you are dead and gone, your very memory will be a curse while it wastes.

Oh! the life that treasures up the imperishable riches—the life that leaning on God with one side, touches and blesses humanity with the other—this is the life that endures, this is the life which vastly more than compensates for all its struggle and trial; this is

the life that no shadow of death, no gloom of the grave, no far off distance of eternity can quench or limit. Such lives are long at shortest, and God is revealed and glorified in them, as he is not in all the scope of material creation.

"He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

"He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

"Waste not thy being: back to Him
Who freely gave it freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*."
* * * * *
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

And what is the admonition of this life we once knew and still feel, and of these ashen lips? "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Dear brethren of the Faculty, Commissioners, friends of Carthage College, and members of this church; by an unexpected voice you have been called, not to idle despondency and withering hopelessness,

but to renewed zeal and effort, to a more heroic faith, to a larger outlay of all your powers. You must not remain in the valley, but go forward to do battle, braver than ever. By this stroke God does not come to overwhelm, but to quicken you. If he has taken the human leader, it is that you may be led to trust the Divine One more. Possibly in untiring devotion and self-surrender we might have emulated the example of our brother when he wrought in our midst—I am sure we can now that he is no more. Has he not told us what life is, what are some of its vast and unrealized possibilities? Has he not told us what death is, intruding, unbidden, if he will, upon our brightest hopes and unfinished plans? And now does he not shout back from the parting sky something of that glory of which our view is so limited? And shall we miss the lesson and the blessing? Rather, shall we not go on to rear the superstructure of which he so nobly and so firmly laid the foundation?

In Carthage College, in this church, and in the wider sphere of all men's good, he toiled to build a monument for God; on the altar of it he laid his life; he could do no more; what less can we, dare we, should we desire to do, than to carry it forward to permanency and completion, that in the time to come the cap-stone may be brought and laid upon it, with shoutings of Grace! Grace! unto it? In the rift of the clouds I see this hope.

There is rest for our brother, but you know how he came to it; but it is not for us yet. If God permits us to see to day some transfiguration of his glory even in this scene, what is it but his call to prayer, to trust, to suffer, to labor? Shall we not make the most of what is left?—*redeeming the time, because the days are evil.* And then when God opens the bright gates of the better life, we shall not live less here that we go to live there, but more; and what peace, and rest, and glory, and how we shall read all our Lord meant when he said, "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

And to you, sorrowing ones of the home, to whom the departed belonged more than to any one of us; you who knew him in those domestic tests of a true manhood, to which he responded with such kindness and affection, need I add more for your comfort? Your loss is great, your grief is profound, but in this hasty estimate how many are the compensations! You cannot see all; but could you, would there not be more occasion for joy than for sorrow? The darkness must come before we can see the stars; and so, how often it is not until our loved ones are gone that we can most appreciate and improve their excellencies. To have had such a son, such a husband and father, such a brother, such a friend, is a blessing, the mere memory of which is now a consolation; and now that God has let him into the inaccessible light, will you not rejoice that you are so honored and

blessed by the bright promotion? But what is all he was here to all he is now, as he stands without fault before the throne. Oh, the illimitableness of saving grace! "We shall see him as he is." And does he not? Think of standing face to face with the Son of God, as literally as did the disciples when he was here on earth. The shadows are upon us, not upon him. When he lay dying he heard the warbling angels coming; now he sees them, sees more—the King in his beauty. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The ransomed spirit in fresh wonder looks to-day upon the unutterable vision.

And what power, what holiness, what reach of excellence and privilege, all this supposes in the redeemed.

To be permitted to lay your crown at the feet of Christ, and join in the shout, "Worthy is the Lamb!" —this is the triumph and culmination of grace.

Toward such an apocalypse you may move even in this sorrow; but he beholds it. We need revelation and faith, but he has risen above the limitation these imply, and now looks upon the great redemption as the end and unity of all things human, as the key of history, as the harmony of events, as the beginning and the end of this world's life.

Bring your tribute of tears; it is broken nature's pang, it is fitting; but with such a bow spanning the gloom, bring also your praises and thanksgiving, for

it is God's mercy, not his displeasure, with which you have been visited. There is darkness; own that much of it is because your vision is weak to see far, and we will join you to say, as the expression alike of our limitation and our faith—

"We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift—
Thy will be done!

"We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer some, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

"Strike, Thou the master, we Thy keys.
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain –
Thy will be done!"

Above all, as you look around in your bewilderment and away into the vasty deep, now so dark, now so bright, hear the voice of Jesus—"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

REMARKS MADE AT THE

FUNERAL OF REV. DR. TRESSLER.

By Rev. Willis G. Craig, D. D., Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Keokuk, Iowa.

It is with the profoundest personal sympathy that I join in the solemn services of this hour; for I had learned to respect the eminent man who has been called to his reward in the early prime of life, as the successful president of a young but important institution, and as an eloquent and attractive gospel minister, whose declaration of the Word had once and again instructed and solaced the people of my own church. And my sympathies are deepened, if possible, by the memory of a strikingly similar scene, when, not quite six months ago, we laid to rest in the campus grounds the first president of a young institution in a neighboring state, to the founding of which I had given many months of anxious and laborious effort, and for whose welfare I have watched with deep concern.

When I see a man, with the call of God upon him, giving up his life with ceaseless ardor to some enterprise of wide importance, with the very image of that enterprise photographed upon his brain, and its

far-ranging interests woven into the texture of his heart, there gathers over that man (to my sight) a sort of weird but sacred shadow, which tells me that a living sacrifice, soon to be offered up, is walking in our midst. The deep devotion chastens the spirit, selfishness is purged away, an awful spiritual beauty often shines upon the face, and on-lookers say, "There is a man dedicated with solemn act of consecration to a noble task. See, he is living for it!" Yes! and he is dying for it; and *soon* he is dead.

Must it ever be so, my brethren, that the sacrifice of our noblest men must be made for the establishment of each one of our important "Christian institutions?"

Do we need to see the faces of our leaders, now bright with manly beauty and high resolve, pale in death, before we wake to appreciate their work, or stand forward to take our full share of their crushing labors?

Here has fallen a noble man, all too soon for us; but by him and his able colleagues an illustrious work has been done for your honored Church.

You have taken this region for Christian culture by the publication of your chartered rights, by the formation of your Board of Managers, by the erection of your college buildings, by the faithful teaching of your ample course, by the nobleness of your aims, impressed upon the hearts of students and citizens; and now you have taken it for Christian culture with a *grave*.

But a little while ago, one of the ablest men of the church in England, the honored secretary of one of the largest Mission Boards of the world, who in early life had done grand service for Christ upon many a distant field, must needs, in his old age, leave the comforts of home, and the duties peculiar to his station, to guide a party of missionaries to the lakes of equatorial Africa. On the cruel way from Zanzibar to Tanganika, he died—sandals upon his feet and staff in hand—and his weeping followers laid his body to rest on a mountain-side that overlooked far and wide the Dark Continent; and then an eloquent writer, heralding the sad news to Christendom, exclaimed, "We have taken Central Africa for Christ with a grave."

So I say to the trustees and commissioners of this institution, and to the sister Church whose willing servants they are, "You have taken this region for Christian culture *with an honored grave.*"

It is yours by a right more sacred than any hitherto advanced. Take it; and as upon a chosen field, win enduring honors for Christ, and all through its length and breadth scatter priceless blessings to men.

The lessons of this hour should be fixed deep in the heart of every one present. See what tribute strong men and gentle women pay to a spiritual hero fallen at his post on the great battle-field of the world.

Let the memory of this scene fire us to noble

deeds of Christian endeavor—and, young men, where one hero has fallen upon the high places of the field, let a score spring to take his place in the cause of Christian truth and culture. So from death and loss shall come forth life and great gain.

THE FUNERAL

Of Dr. Tressler took place on Monday, the 23d. From the hours of ten to one, a constant stream of people from the town and adjacent parts of the country passed through the parlors of the family residence viewing the remains. Between one and two thousand people, it is estimated, thus viewed for the last time the face of one so greatly beloved.

The arrangement of the funeral was under the direction of Mr. H. G. Ferris. The order of procession, as hereafter given, was observed in going from the family residence to the church.

Long before the hour of commencement of the services, the sidewalks and streets leading to the church were thronged with people, awaiting the opening of the doors. At one o'clock the doors were thrown open, and every available seat and standing space, save those reserved, were quickly filled. Fully a thousand people utterly failed to obtain admission by reason of the crowd within.

Shortly afterwards the funeral cortege, preceded by Co. G., I. N. G., in uniform, with reversed arms, as a

guard of honor, followed by the pall-bearers, the family, faculty, and alumni and students wearing badges of mourning, came from the residence and entered the church. The casket was placed upon a pedestal in front of the pulpit, and on it, and clustered about it in tasteful positions, were profuse and most beautiful flowers, wrought into a crown, sickle, anchors, and bouquets. The pulpit and arch were heavily draped in black cloth knotted with crape, and above all was a beautiful cross of white flowers. This sombre drapery was a most tasteful and touching exhibition of skill and affection.

The services of the occasion were conducted by Rev. Mr. Kuhl, of this city. The choral service was under the direction of Prof. D. Frank Easterday, assisted by the excellent choir of the Trinity church. An appropriate funeral dirge was played on the organ while the cortege and friends entered the church. This was followed by an appropriate anthem by the choir. Rev. Mr. Sparr read a portion of Scripture; this was followed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Behringer. The hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," was then sung by the choir and congregation.

Rev. Dr. M. Rhodes, of St. Louis, then proceded to the delivery of a discourse of great eloquence and power.

Following the discourse of Dr. Rhodes, remarks appropriate to the occasion were made by Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Quincy, and Rev. Dr. Craig, of Keokuk.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Mr. Culler, of Newton, Iowa.

DUST TO DUST.

At the conclusion of the services, the procession was formed for the cemetery in the following order:

Guard of Honor—Co. G, 8 Reg't I. N. G., in uniform.
Veterans of the army of U. S. in citizens' dress.
Commissioners and Trustees of Carthage College.
Alumni of the College.
Students of Carthage College.
Clergymen.
Hearse.
Pall Bearers.

Dr. J. E. Tressler—Mother, widow, and children of the deceased—N. G. Tressler, M. L. Tressler, Mrs. Minick, sister of deceased, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lark, Prof. Richard and wife, and other relatives, in carriages.

FRIENDS AND CITIZENS GENERALLY.

The procession of carriages and persons was among the largest ever witnessed here. The distance from the city to the cemetery was too great for hundreds who were not provided with carriages.

The ceremonies at the grave were conducted by Rev. Mr. Kuhl briefly and appropriately. The remains of the honored dead were deposited in a brick vault, prepared for their reception. At the conclusion of the sad rite, the people returned sorrowfully to their homes.—*Carthage Republican.*

MEMORIAL SERVICE

OF

Rev. D. L. TRESSLER, Ph. D.

PRESIDENT OF CARTHAGE COLLEGE.

Held in the Lutheran Church, Lena, Illinois, February, 29, 1880.

As announced on the previous Sunday, the Memorial in honor of Prof. Tressler was held on the morning of February 29th, 1880. The day dawned clear and cold. At the time for service to begin, the audience room was full to its utmost capacity, the Presbyterian congregation of Lena joining in the service.

The church was dressed in the emblems of mourning. Behind the pulpit and from the ceiling drooped in graceful lines black and white crape, reaching to the floor. Beneath the parting of the folds to the right and left, hung the picture of President Tressler, surrounded with black crape and a wreath of evergreens. The picture was surmounted by a white cross entwined with ivy—emblematic of suffering, purity, and immortality. The pulpit was draped in black; in front and near it were lilies and primroses, all in bloom, and evergreens, which gave a cheerful relief to the sombre

surroundings. On the right and a little in front of the pulpit stood a vacant pulpit chair, a scarf of black and white crape hanging over the back. Though silent, this vacant chair was an eloquent preacher. On the left of the pulpit was the organ, also draped in black. The same signs of sorrow hung from the chandeliers. Everything, in a word, bore the marks and wore the expression of bereavement. That which gave completeness to the sad memorials was a floral pillow, composed of japonicas and camellias, in the midst of which, traced in purple flowers, were the initials, " D. L. T." On each corner of the pillow was a calla lily of exquisite beauty. This tribute was placed directly before the pulpit, whence it could be seen by the entire assembly. It need hardly be added, in the light of even this inadequate description, that these mournful decorations were arranged with the utmost thoughtfulness and propriety. They were all emblems of an expressive, tender character. The drapery will be removed; the flowers and evergreens will fade; but the impressions which, as memorials, they made upon the minds of the crowded assembly, and the testimony they gave to the high esteem, the affectionate remembrance in which the honored dead is held, will never be lost;—so forcibly do such symbols express the emotions of the human heart; so powerfully do they effect, educate, and stimulate all the better elements of our nature.

As the pastor entered the church the choir sang an

appropriate chant. The blessing of God was invoked by the pastor, and the 70th hymn announced, after the singing of which he read the 46th Psalm and 1 Cor. xv. 51–28. Rev. A. S. Gardiner, of the Presbyterian Church, then led the congregation in prayer, and announced the 563d hymn. After the singing of this hymn, the pastor, Rev. H. C. Haithcox, delivered the following memorial discourse.

THE DISCOURSE.

PSALMS XII. 1—Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

PROV. X. 12.—The memory of the just is blessed.

These words express our thought and feeling. A godly man, in the meridian of life, has gone out like a sun at noonday. A faithful man hath failed from among the children of men. How mysterious the providence of God! On the morning of the twentieth the electric wire flashed us the following sad news; "President Tressler died this morning at seven o'clock. Will be buried on Monday." Then in whispered sadness the news passed from one to another, and many said: "A good man is gone." To his memory we consecrate this holy hour. In the symbolic drapery we express the deep shades that fall upon our hearts. In the drapery foldings about his sun-painted picture we symbolize his descent into the grave. In the evergreen around it and us we show the freshness of living

memories. In the bursting bud and blossoming lily, "all clothed in white and golden hearted," we profess our faith in his resurrection and glorious immortality.

Yes, he liveth. Though around us are the drapery foldings of death casting their dark shadows upon our hearts; though the chair is vacant and draped; though that familiar voice with its friendly intonings is hushed; though that ready tongue is silent in the grave; though the thought-sparkling eye is closed; though the manly form has fallen and sleeps in the grave, the *man* lives, lives in your hearts, lives in Christ up higher. For Jesus hath said: "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Ah, yes!

"Brother, thou are gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love."

Professor D. L. Tressler was born February 15th, 1839, at Loysville, Pennsylvania. He grew up under decided religious influences, and, after having been faithfully trained in the catechism, was admitted to membership in the Evangelical Lutheran Church by the solemn rite of confirmation. There was no feature of his life which he so delighted to recall and dwell upon as the early religious training he received from

his parents. He often spoke with devout gratitude of the simple, earnest piety of his father, and of the influence of his father's example. For his mother he cherished an ardent affection.

He received his early education in the public schools of his native place, and his preparation for college at the Loysville Academy, an institution founded by his father. In 1857 he was admitted to the Sophomore class in Pennsylvania College and was graduated in 1860 with the first honor and valedictory of his class. The same year he became principal of the academy at which he had prepared for college.

In August, 1862, he raised a company of volunteers, entered the army as their captain, participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, in which last he received two severe wounds, but was again with his company in the Chancellorsville engagement. After the expiration of his term of service in the army, he was tendered a colonel's commission, but declined it.

In 1864 he was admitted to the bar, and for five years practiced law.

In 1865 he was married to Ada J., daughter of B. McIntyre, Esq., his preceptor in the law. The widow and four children—two girls and two boys—survive him. One child, an infant daughter, preceded him to the land of spirits.

In 1870 he located at Mendota, Ill., and in the au-

tumn of that year he entered the ministry of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and was immediately settled as pastor of Lena church. Here he labored with great success until 1872, when he was elected a professor in Carthage College, and entered at once upon the discharge of the duties of that position. In 1873 he was chosen President of the College, and shortly thereafter, Treasurer also, which positions he held until his death with the highest degree of success and popular favor. His Christian integrity, his administrative and financial ability, his congeniality in social life, his remarkable acquaintance with human nature, eminently qualified him for these or any position involving like responsibility.

The fatal illness of President Tressler commenced on the second of February. On the first, Sunday, he filled a preaching appointment twenty miles from college. The roads being too muddy and deep to make the journey in a carriage, he went on horseback. Though conscious of the severity of the undertaking, even hesitating, yet he persevered, preached the gospel according to appointment, and returned home so wearied and fatigued that it was with difficulty he dismounted his horse and entered his home. Nineteen days thereafter his spirit entered the mansion above. On the 23d his mortality was sadly, dolefully laid in the house of the dead. A light had gone out.

With this brief statement of the chief events in his short life, I pass on to the consideration of thoughts

for our improvement—thought-lessons from his life and from God's providence. This is the best that I can do for you and for myself. His life needs no eulogy from my pen or my tongue. This is left for others more capable and more familiar with him than your present pastor has been. His life, as seen by you, was too well rounded and too beautiful for me to try to add anything to its beauty and grace, by trying to throw around it and fold about it my coarse verbiage and unpolished thought. My stiff sentences would not wreath gracefully and sit easily on his brow. Any pencilings of mine would only blur his fair countenance for you. I leave his life before you as God unfolded it from his pure heart and holy devotion. Thus it will be and remain, like the flowers of earth, in its native and truest glory. Though you look at it now through tears, that only heightens its beauty. In your tears he stands transfigured. Spanned by the bow of God's light and love reflected from your tears, he stands out all beautiful and glorious under the rays of the sun of righteousness. Of him you say:

"Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven."

Prof. Tressler was a man of a fortunate combination of those elements which give character and standing to a man in a community. His talent was the versatility of genius. He had so many elements of a true

manhood, and those so well blended, as to make him an exceptionally useful man. He had so few angles in his character, and was so distinctly of a curvilineal type, that he was easily very agreeable to every person, and generally got along smoothly with all classes. Nature, as some would say, was very propitious to him; but we will say, God, in His natural and spiritual laws, was very good to him. His perceptive faculties were large and active. He could survey a field for action, and at a glance discover the strategic point. He was a born financier, and his few years in the legal profession, during which time he had occasion to exercise this gift, developed this native talent. His language was large, even voluminous. With his predominating mental temperament, he was fluent, eloquent, and instructive in popular address. Such was the combination of faculties and temperaments as to make him companionable and social without drifting down into common-place intimacy; and yet, with a grace and dignity seldom equaled, adapt himself to all grades of society, leaving all pleased with him and with themselves. He was a man of the people and for the people. As "good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows," so he, ever communicating the truth, the beautiful and the good, was growing in the love and esteem of the people. From all parts of this broad West arise, and will arise, blessings from the memories of the man.

It seems strange to us that a man giving promise of

so great usefulness should be taken from earth so soon. Just when his manhood powers were unfolding for a score or more years of greatest service for humanity, he fell. The want of the world is good men, strong men, men who have talents for usefulness, and will use them. When such men come upon the field and consecrate themselves to God for humanity, and march forth at the head of the battalions of thought in conflicts with the hosts of error, and then fall in the beginning of the march, we stop and wonder why. And when we look at Carthage College, at her needs as just now seen by us, at the needs of our beloved Church in the West, and at the difficulty in getting strong and willing and westernly capable men upon this field, we bow our heads and ask: Why was Professor Tressler taken now? Earth answers not. But from the heavens there breaks upon this solemn silence this voice; "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." And this is our answer to that voice: "So be it, Lord; we will wait the unfolding of Thy mysterious providence." Yes, we will walk by faith in the superior wisdom of our Father who is in heaven.

To us most of the ways of Providence have their meanings veiled. We are surrounded by mysterious facts and forces. All nature has its secrets. All history is the unfolding of unseen, mysterious forces. We see facts, but know little of their why or wherefore. We see expressions of forces, and we feel their

touch and throb, but know little of the what, the whence, or the whither. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." And yet you trust the forces and forms of nature in their ongoings and recedings. Neither do we know the secrets of each other's hearts. Each is a mystery to every other, and before self-inspection goes far, each is a mystery to himself. Yet we trust each other and ourselves. Without this trust life would be unbearable. And though there are mysteries, faith helps us through, bringing light into the darkness, and success to life. Let us trust God, though His providence around us and to us be mysterious. He takes one man and leaves another. Sometimes the one He takes is the one our wisdom would leave, and the one He leaves is the one our wisdom would take. Then we stand and wonder. We cannot understand it. God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts. Neither should we expect them to be. He who sees the end from the beginning, and all through to the end, will direct things very differently from him who sees not what shall be on the morrow. Our view is very much circumscribed. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways. Our thoughts cannot measure a little life of two score years, no, not of one day. God's thoughts bring within their sweep all the vast eternities. And He is our Father who art in heaven.

In our disappointments and sorrows and bereavements, we will trust in Him. He, the Lord of lords, the Father Almighty, reigneth in love. "He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." In times of trial, that was the song of Luther's faith. It is ours too.

For the benefit of our young men, and for right thoughts of life for all, I will point out to you certain elements of a useful manhood which were exhibited in Prof. Tressler's pastorate of this church. To point you to him as an example in good, and to show you by his example the law of usefulness and of true greatness, is in harmony with inspired teaching. Personal human examples are given us for our help and encouragement. With gladness St. Paul said to the Thessalonians, "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord." The inspired writer to the Hebrews said, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

It is noted, first, that he was industrious. He was a worker. He had a genius for work, and his work was genius. Franklin said: "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy." The subject of our memorial was a living incarnation of Franklin's thought. He was always busy, and, to others at least, all things seemed easy to him. He was here, he was there; doing this, doing that; and, with his facile brain and cunning hand, doing all with equal ease. No work was let slide just to get shut of it, or because it was not in the direct line of his public calling. "Now is the time and here is the place" seemed to be his motto, and WORK his idea for life. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might," must have been ringing in his soul all through his years. Industry is genius.

"Waste not thy being: back to him
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to live.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

Then, too, as just suggested, he was ready to every good work. Like the talent of the man, his industry was manifold. It branched out to all that would

raise the superstructure of a grand life. He would lay hand to anything that would marshal forces for the upbuilding of Christ's church. As occasion offered (not required), he would haul stone, carry the hod, or drive the mill-wagon, and be none the worse for it before his people in the church on the Sabbath. His active brain devised, and his willing hand did much to build, your substantial parsonage. He could, with quite equal facility, give you a lesson in law, in finance, in philosophy, in theology, and by way of healthful recreation, give you a practical demonstration in mortar-making and hod-carrying. Let our young men learn from him that all useful work is honorable. Readiness to every work, under the reign of one great and good idea, is the way of prosperity. Young men, never wait on luck to turn up something for you. Take hold of that which is first in the way, and work through that to something higher. Every man whom Christ called and sent forth as his ambassador, he found not waiting, but working. The King of heaven honors work. With your keen eye, and strong will, have ready hands, and make them turn up something, if it is only a hod; after a while it may be a college. No, no! do not wait for luck; but pray for pluck. Luck waits for chances, sees few, lounges, then whines, and slides downward, growling at those who toil upward. The pluck of work, with throw of will, with flash of eye, with ring of hammer, with stroke of pen, lays a solid foundation, and strides up-

ward to usefulness and independence. In the language of Carlyle: "The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it. Cast forth thy act, thy work, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that can never die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." Yes, the seed of industry yields a bountiful harvest of plenty; and he who plants it in the soil of integrity and Christian righteousness will find the richness of the harvest even after many days.

Your planting may be with difficulty. All is more or less so. And then after the planting storms come. In all spheres of life, and with all living beings, there is growth only by toiling over obstacles. All strength in the creature is the acquisition of activity, and all life is victory. Storms arise, clouds overcast, darkness enwraps, but these are only nature's modes for better things. God has said there is a bright light in the clouds, though man see it not. So may it be with the clouds that overcast our sky. So may our trials and toilings be the means by which we gain strength; and our life, with the life of him whom we to-day honor, be a glorious victory.

The death of President Tressler has cast a dark cloud over home, over college, and over many hearts; and it is doubly dark because of its sudden coming. His sun went down even at noonday, only half of the

cycle of his life seemingly filled. The plan of his unfolding powers, his out-reaching manhood, seem frustrated just on the eve of the most glorious results. How seemingly contrary to the divine idea for the man. How many disappointed hopes in life!—But I must not dwell on these. There is no use of looking for and wading through the darkness further. Let us look for light. That is what we need.

His death-bed scenes are full of light from the Son of Righteousness. And to show you the light, I can do no better than quote the following from the Carthage *Republican*, and words written by one who was conversant with the facts of Dr. Tressler's departure:

"During the last four days of his illness, it may be said that he was delirious most of the time. There were lucid intervals in which he recognized those about him, called their names affectionately, and spoke words of endearment and of hope to them. Among the many expressions of tenderness to family and friends, and expressive of the sublime Christian faith and joy which irradiated his soul, were these: He said to Rev. Mr. Kuhl, 'Dear brother, repeat to me those sweet consolations. O, if I am to live, that my life be more entirely consecrated to dear Jesus. If I die, I will soon be with Him in glory.' And again, 'O, my dear children, that they may live for Him in their lives, and meet me in heaven, and we will sing praises forever together.' 'O, my dear mother, I wish she

were here that I might clasp her to my bosom. I know she will meet me in heaven.' To his wife he spoke the most tender words of love and consolation, referring to the joy of their meeting in heaven. At another lucid interval he exclaimed, 'I repose it all—all! Has Jesus paid it all? What then do I owe! Yes, I submit my all to him. He'll *save* me! Isn't salvation greater than I?' Speaking tenderly of his family by name, and of the father, mother, brothers, and sisters, he said, 'O, when all have assembled with Jesus—with Jesus! The Lord grant it! O, how delightful, how delightful! Singing with Jesus—all singing with Jesus!' On one occasion he roused momentarily from a light slumber, and sang in clear tones:—

"I'm going home, I'm going home
To die no more!"

Speaking of the college at one time, he said, "O God, bless Carthage College! I would lay down my life for it—my all—which has cost so much endurance." And again, "O, how I love the students—how I love them; how my soul goes out for them!" Speaking of the family at one time, he said, "Father, the glorious centre! mother, and thirteen! Oh—ten below—all together in heaven." To his sister, Mrs. Minick, he said, "O, sister Sarah, dear sister, will you walk with me up the beautiful way—the beautiful way!"

The eyes of this good man were fast dimming in death. The wife and children were at his bedside. "Pa, do you know me?" "Yes," he said, faintly, "yes"—and a smile irradiated his countenance. "Pa, you are almost home; will you watch over us?" "Yes," he said, and then he added, "By the help of God we'll all meet there." At intervals he repeated couplets and verses of favorite hymns, among them "Rock of Ages." Among the last expressions he uttered in lucid intervals was this: "O, the ladder! the ladder! And Jesus at the foot."

One who was a witness of these most affecting death bed scenes has remarked that if the utterances of the dying man and the holy radiance of his countenance could be transferred to enduring form, they would exhibit that degree of affectionate regard of home, of family, the college, its faculty, and students, and of his sublime faith in God, which no language, no picture by human skill, could convey.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of men,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

It was the very threshold of heaven in the midst of mortal disease and anguish."

By the hearing of his preaching some of you believed. By his prayers you were helped. His work for you was blessed of God. You were strengthened and greatly encouraged. Some of you he received

into the church. His hand of consecration was laid upon your heads. His prayer of blessing fell upon your heart. Keep the word you heard from him. Live in the faith you professed before him. Let his prayers and preaching and work for you perpetuate themselves in your salvation. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." This has been his wish for you, and if the departed could speak that man could hear, he would come and address them to you again. May your memories of him be golden links of divine love binding you to the golden throne in the city beyond the clouds, whither all the people of the Lord go up. Darkness enough forces itself upon us without our looking for it. There is light above the clouds. And though the sun is gone down, he sends back his golden shafts into the sky and illumes the heavens with a sheen of glory. So the light of the good life that has set shines back upon the heaven of our minds.

Whilst sitting in my study one morning, the sun, just rising, formed a most beautiful picture of indescribable tints and blendings, upon the wall in front of me. Soon that picture began to infold upon itself and recede from me into dimness; then it unfolded towards me in its beauty of blended brightness. So the picture repeatedly seemed to infold upon itself and then unfold toward me, until at last it remained a perfect beauty-scene of the varied rays of sunshine blended

and tinted together. I sought the cause of the changing phenomenon, and found it to be passing clouds. As the darker clouds passed over the sun, the picture receded into dimness; as the lighter clouds passed the picture appeared in brighter colors; and then, when the clouds had all passed, it appeared fixed in its greatest glory. That picture represents the golden glory land of our immortality. The sun which lightens that land is the Sun of Righteousness. Those clouds are our sorrows. As our sorrows pass over, the heavenly land seems dim and far away. The Sun of Righteousness is behind the sorrow clouds. But by-and-by those clouds will be all past, and the glory land willappear in all its beauty. For let us remember that it is the clouds that change, and earthly things that change. The sun, the Lord, changes not. His light of truth from love is ever shining. Let us look unto Him and wait the passing of the clouds. It won't be long. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy will come in the morning."

"O Thou true life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through the changes guide the day;
The light upon our evening pour:
So may our *souls* no sunset see;
But death to us an open door,
To an eternal morning be."

Now it seemeth night. There is darkness; and the

dawning, where is it? When will the morning come? Our natural eye is too weak to see far. But our faith reaches out into the vasty deeps and touches the great white throne. Though sitting in the vale of sorrows, though tossed upon the stormy sea, though to the mortal eye no starry sky nor opening morn appear, yet for the Christian the glory land appears, a Father's voice is heard, and earth's questionings are answered:

"Tell me, my sacred soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a palm,
And weariness a rest?"
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven."

The service concluded with the singing of 1st, 2d, and 4th stanzas of the 580th hymn, and the benediction by the pastor.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The following preamble and resolutions, concerning the death of Prof. Tressler, were adopted by the Council of Amity Lutheran church, Lena, Illinois, Sunday evening, February 29th, 1880:

WHEREAS, in the providence of our Heavenly Father, Rev. D. L. Tressler, President of Carthage College, and ex-pastor of this church, has been stricken down by the death angel, his body laid in the vault of the dead, and his spirit ascended into the heavens;

Resolved, That we humbly bow to the mysterious will of Providence, deeply deploring the great loss of so good and so useful a man to our church and to the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That this church publish, in pamphlet form, the Memorial Service of this date and place.

Resolved, That our unfeigned sympathy is extended to the family of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions and of the Memorial Service be sent them; also, that the floral memorial and a picture in India ink of the departed be sent them, as a tribute of esteem for his valuable services, and as an expression of sympathy for the bereaved, ever bearing in mind that "the memory of the just is blessed."

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
PRESIDENT D. L. TRESSLER.

Although still unable to wield a pen legibly, I cannot forbear the offering of a little tribute to the memory of a co-laborer so dear as Prof. Tressler. An almost constant association in college work, during the last eight years, an association always free from the slightest attrition resulting from differences of opinion, could not but engender a friendship far more sacred than that ordinarily existing between associates.

A few weeks after the opening of my second year in Carthage, in the fall of 1871, I visited the Synod of Northern Illinois, in session at Galesburg. It was there that I first met the subject of this sketch. His interest in the Carthage educational enterprise was then very manifest. On the evening before my return from Galesburg, on the sidewalk in front of the church in which the synod had convened, and long after the sexton had turned off the last light, we stood discussing the fundamental interests of the new enterprise. Then seemed to burst out in him the enthusiasm which burned for Carthage College more and more vigorously, until apparently in the height of its brilliancy, it suddenly went out.

The recollection of the many forms of my pleasant association with President Tressler crowd upon me as I lie upon my own couch of affliction. Pleasant rides in private conveyance throughout our own county in vacation come to my mind. Hymns which on such occasions we would sing, he in his own clear voice leading forth upon the soprano, again sound in my ears. The long and delightful ride we took together and alone across the plains to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver, on the occasion of the sun's total eclipse in 1878—our sitting together and alone for two hours at Veta Pass, the highest point of railroad in the United States—our slow but romantic ascension of Pike's Peak in company with an alumnus of Carthage College—the contemplation of the wild and wonderful scenes presented to view in these mountain regions—the recollection of all these, delightful as it is, come to me now as if only to furnish the assurance that they cannot be again. I will not soon forget our repeated singing in the Denver Hotel, on the Sabbath morning before Monday's eclipse, of the grand old hymn whose first stanza is,

"When marshal'd on the nightly p'ain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye."

Reference to this has since been frequently made by Prof. Tressler.

My very intimate association with him in our varied relations, in ardent labor, in social enjoyment, at home and abroad, on week day and Lord's day, in church and in chapel, enables me to testify to his extraordinary manhood, and to his zealous devotion to the great mission that he so manifestly was sent to earth to perform.

It is indeed difficult to understand why he should be taken in his enthusiasm, vigor, and devotion ; but it is not for us to murmur. We now are capable of seeing how surely the work goes on, even after the death of the workman. His absence, too, tends to make heaven seem nearer and Christ still dearer than ever before. We trust that the harmony and zeal existing between the faculty, alumni, and students of Carthage College, may be still greater than before, on account of the death of our brave, honored and Christian President. While our lives shall last, let us persevere in the work to which he gave the best years of his life. Let him peacefully rest on the bank of that beautiful river that flows by the throne of God. L. F. M. E.

—*In Carthaginian.*

DR. TRESSLER'S DEATH OUR LOSS.

The whole Church has been made sad by the death of this good man, and appropriate expressions of sorrow have been given in various ways. Yet it will be well to pause and consider how much we lose in the departure of such a man. We often think of our health and homes, our rich lands and good government, as things for which to thank God. But then, have we thought of good men as a gift to us from God? Their good purposes, in any work of benevolence, are most directly from God. Since the fall every good man in a second creation is God's workmanship, wrought by the Holy Ghost. The lives of some men are worth more than good climate and good lands. The proof of this is in the wretchedness of many people living in the finest portions of the earth. They have natural resources, but no men good enough and great enough to lead the people and so direct the public interest as that these resources will become developed and contribute to the general prosperity. The life of every good man is a common good. As the fruit of a good tree falls in its season and becomes food, so will the life of a good

man scatter blessings on those about him. His piety and charity, his instructions and reproof, his examples and prayers, his interest in heaven and influence on earth, like wholesome fruit, are precious and useful, contributing to the nourishment of the moral and religious life of multitudes. A more fearful calamity could scarcely befall any people than the loss of their good men. The first-born in every family might die, and yet the loss would not much retard the general progress of the business interests of the community. But the loss of all the good men would upset everything which gives hope and promise. Such a loss, if God did not speedily give them others, would be followed by immediate ruin. The life of good men must nourish the social, political, and religious prosperity of the people. A good life! How useful, how beautiful, how grand! It is as manna in the wilderness; as flowers in the desert; as cedars of Lebanon among the brambles and thorns. Every good man's life is a stream of joy. It revives desponding hearts, and cools the feverish passion of envious, revengeful, and avaricious minds. It is, also, a watered stream fed by the springs which its own vapors watered. The life of a good man gives, and it is given back into his own bosom. How charming to fill up the years with good deeds of kindness shown and mercies done, to have the story of our life told in connection with goodness and piety.

Such was the life of President Tressler, and such a

life we may all live. A good life is no fancy, no delusion; it is a glorious reality. Neither is it a prize beyond our reach. To set before us a good which we can never obtain, is only to mock our desire. But this is a crown for all who run in the race. Let us all be ambitious to obtain the reward. It is lawful to covet the best gift. God waits to give each one of us to the world, as a gift for which many will thank him. He waits to drop the mantle of usefulness upon us. Are we willing to receive it and wear it? God will, no doubt, find some one to wear Tressler's in Carthage College. "There is a prince, a great man fallen this day in Israel," and his place may not be filled by one who will do just as he was able to do the work. The loss will be felt for a long time, but God's ways are not ours, and trusting in the divine wisdom, let us all reconsecrate ourselves, and strive to be, in our respective spheres, as useful as our lamented brother was in his. This affliction ought to be sanctified to the good of the whole church, and will be, if each one will lay it to heart and come nearer to the cross.—*Lutheran Evangelist.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

THE following resolutions were adopted by the Faculty of Carthage College:

WHEREAS, By a mysterious providence God has removed by death our brother and colleague, the President of Carthage College, Rev. Prof. D. L. Tressler, Ph. D.; therefore,

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the divine will. Though the blow fall heavily upon us, yet we recognize that what God does is well done, and we would not murmur.

Resolved, That in him the College has lost an efficient President, and the Church a useful man. As chairman of the Faculty he had a rare combination of qualities which fitted him admirably for the position; as a colleague in all our labors he was kind, generous, warm hearted and earnest. He administered the affairs of the College with great skill and marked ability. To his colleagues he was a brother; to the students, a father; for all he cherished the kindest regard.

Resolved, That we mourn his loss with unfeigned sorrow. But our great loss is his everlasting gain.

Resolved, That we hereby express our deep sympathy with the bereaved family and friends, especially the widow and her orphaned children. We commend them to the tender care of our Father in heaven.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Faculty be instructed to record these resolutions in the minutes, to send a copy of the same to the family, and also to furnish copies for publication in our church and city papers and the *Carthaginian*.

Resolutions adopted by the Alumni Association:

WHEREAS, In the Divine Providence our beloved former instructor and the President of our *Alma Mater*, David L. Tressler, has been stricken down by the cold hand of death, his body returning to the Mother Earth, and his unfettered soul winging its way into the presence of his Father and his God; therefore,

Resolved, That while humbly bowing to the divine will, we deeply deplore this irreparable loss; that by his death the State loses a useful citizen, and the grave takes from society one of its brightest ornaments; he was a friend to all educational interests, zealous and untiring, a champion of religion and morality, by whose death humanity loses, heaven gains "a gem of purest ray serene."

Resolved, That our pure and sincere sympathy is extended to the family of the deceased—to his fatherless children, who shall miss strong protection and tender care— to his widowed wife, who shall mourn the loss of a loved and loving husband —to his aged mother, the guardian of his tender years, who was his comrade from the cradle to the grave, and rejoiced in the manliness of his manhood—to his sorrowing brothers and mourning sisters. As he was pure and good and true in every relation of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father—so shall his loss be felt, and his memory be hallowed.

Resolved, That, as a token of our sorrow, we wear the customary badge of mourning; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the city papers and *The Carthaginian* for publication.

Resolutions adopted by the students:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our dearly beloved President and Professor, Rev. D. L. Tressler, Ph. D.; and

WHEREAS, His early death is a subject of regret and pain, not only to us for whom he labored, to the promoters of his life work, to his friends and relatives, but also to his family; therefore, be it

Resolved, That by this, our bereavement, we have lost an instructor and friend most worthy of our admiration, not only for his learning and skill in teaching, but also for his sincere devotion to our interests, for which he will ever be held in remembrance.

Resolved, That, whilst we humbly bow to the Divine will, we deeply mourn the death of our beloved Professor, and extend our sympathy and condolence to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to his family, and request the city papers and the *Carthaginian* to publish them.

S. K. BITTENBENDER,
R. D. ZIMBECK,
W. D. HENKEL,
J. H. MILLER,
W. N. EBRIGHT,
Committee.

Resolutions adopted by the Council and ratified by the congregation of Trinity Lutheran Church, Carthage, Illinois:

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed by death our beloved pastor, Rev. Prof. D. L. Tressler: therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply mourn his loss. He shall no more go in and out among us, nor break unto us the bread of life. No more shall he cross our thresholds to bring sunshine and joy into our homes by his pastoral visits, nor shall we any

longer enjoy his kindly ministrations in the gospel. He had a kind word for every one, a tear for every woe of souls distressed, and a helping hand for every member of his flock. The interests of Zion were ever near to his heart, and it was his meat to do the Father's will. The weak he strengthened, the desponding he encouraged, the careless he kindly entreated, and *all* he loved with the tenderness of a father's heart. Under his leadership this congregation was organized; by his labors with prayers many and sacrifices heavy, our comfortable church edifice was erected, which shall stand as a beautiful monument to his memory. Our loss, indeed, is great, but infinitely greater is his everlasting gain. In our grief we would bow our heads and meekly submit to God's will: Thy will be done; even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.

Resolved, That we hereby express our hearty sympathy with the bereaved and sorrowing family and friends of the deceased, the aged mother, the disconsolate widow, the orphaned children,—to the Heavenly Shepherd's tender care we commend them all. "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation."

Resolved, That the secretary of the congregation be instructed to record these resolutions in the church book, and that copies of the same be sent to the bereaved family, to each of the church papers, including the *Lutheran Observer*, *Evangelist*, and *Kirchenfreund*, also *The Carthage Republican* and *Carthage Gazette*, and that these resolutions be read from the pulpit at our next regular service.

ADAM KERN,
HENRY BIERY,
E. W. MCCOLM,
JOSEPH NACE,
Church Council.

Resolutions adopted by the Faculty of Pennsylvania College:

Resolved, That we hereby record our deep sorrow on account of the death of President Tressler, of Carthage College, information of which we have just received through a telegram from Prof. Easterday.

Resolved, That we tender to the Faculty of Carthage College assurance of our sincere sympathy in the dispensation which has thus deprived the institution of an able and successful President, and the Church of an earnest and faithful worker.

Memorial, preamble, and resolutions of the Faculty of Wittenberg College, on the death of President Tressler:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an All Wise Providence to remove from the scene of his earthly labors, in the prime of his life and in the midst of his usefulness, Rev. Dr. Tressler, President of Carthage College; and

WHEREAS, We have received with profound sorrow the message bearing the intelligence of his decease on Friday morning, February 20th, A. D. 1880; therefore,

Resolved, That in behalf of the Faculty of Wittenberg College, and in compliance with their direction at a special meeting, held on this the 24th day of February, we hereby express our personal sorrow, and share in the common grief experienced by the friends of the deceased throughout the church of which he was a member so prominent and so worthy.

Resolved, That in the life of President Tressler we recognize a nobility of spirit, a true Christian character, humility of heart, modesty of demeanor, a scholarly taste, a variety of culture and ability, industry and perseverance, combined with

wisdom and intelligence in the prosecution of his noble work —such as the church of Christ, his co-workers in the cause of education everywhere, the young men and young women, to whom he has been teacher, friend, and exemplar, can regard with no common pride, satisfaction, and gratitude.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the stricken family of the late President Tressler, to the Faculty, students, and Commissioners of Carthage College, expressing our sincere sympathy and condolence in the severe bereavement they have sustained in his death.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in our church papers, and also be placed upon the permanent record of the proceedings of the Faculty of Wittenberg College.

J. B. HELWIG,
J. H. W. STUCKENBERG,
H. R. GEIGER,
S. SPRECHER,
Committee.

The Board of Carthage College, at its annual meeting in May, adopted the following:

Again in the educational work of our western synods has the visitation of adversity fallen upon us. The highly esteemed and efficient President of our College, Rev. Prof. D. L. Tressler, Ph. D., has been smitten down in the very midst of his usefulness.

That beloved brother in Christ and fellow worker in the Divine Master's service, departed this life Friday morning, February 20th, 1880. Prompted by loving regard and high appreciation of his noble character, this Board hereby orders upon the record of its proceedings a brief expression of respect for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That whilst we deeply mourn the early departure from us of Rev. D. L. Tressler, late President of Carthage

College, we yet recognize in the sad bereavement the wise and gracious hand of God in leaving to us the impress of a Christian character in the person of the departed, which we can heartily commend to the thoughtful regard of the youth of America.

Resolved, That we hereby convey to the members of the Faculty of Carthage College the assurance of our sympathy with them, in the unexpected decease of their efficient and worthy chief.

Resolved, To the bereaved widow and children we offer the condolence of this Board of Commissioners, as partners with them in their sorrow; and we hereby direct that a copy of this paper regarding the death of the beloved husband and father be conveyed to her by the Secretary of the Board and such friend accompanying as he may invite.

Resolved, That we, the Commissioners of Carthage College, visit the grave of our departed brother, and there hold a short service of prayer and Christian song this day, at five o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be presented for publication in the papers of the city of Carthage, and in the *Lutheran Observer*, the *Lutheran Evangelist*, and the "*Kirchenfreund*."

FRANCIS SPRINGER,
W. M. SPARR,
S. S. WALTZ.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

TO THE CLASS OF 1875,

AT THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT

OF CARTHAGE COLLEGE,

Delivered by President D. L. Tressler, on Sunday Evening, April 25, 1875.

"Follow me."—Matt. ix. 9.

A TIME-HONORED custom whose venerableness gives it the authority of law and awes me into obedience, devolves upon me the sad yet pleasing duty of the hour. Peculiarly interesting to us all is this first anniversary week of Carthage College; new in all its features to many, novel to us all in the *role* in which we for the first time appear. This is pre-eminently a season of first fruits. It is a week of maiden effort by, the college in her anniversary, by her representatives in the parts they severally perform. We do not advert to this as suggestive of the cause why the class presented in the maiden effort is so largely *maiden* in its constitution; but as admonishing us of the fact that this festive week will close the maidenhood of our College, and that presently, looking upon her new-

born, first-born children, she will feel the kindlings of a matron's pride and mother's love as she hears from their lips the fond name of filial recognition—*Alma Mater*. It is something to be a first born. Your sense of justice may expunge from the statutes of the state the laws of primogeniture, but you may neither repeal nor amend the natural law by which the mother looks with special interest upon him who first cheered home with his baby laugh, and led the juniors of the household in the gambols of youth. Yours, class of '75, are the prerogatives, and yours the responsibilities, of primogeniture. Rejoice in the fortune, but tremble at what it lays upon you. Cherish your birthright; sell it not like Esau, but wear it as your own with a meekness and a dignity that shall be worthy of imitation by other members of the household.

The delightful relations that have so long subsisted between us are about to be severed. Pleasing relations of friendship, we trust, shall ever exist; but the interesting associations of the class-room here cease forever. Our pathways have long run side by side, with many points of contact; now they widely diverge. We seem to have been leading you through a temple, great and beautiful, but only the miniature of Nature's grander temple, at whose portals now you stand. We have led you through the dim, sepulchral aisles of centuries long gone, down the corridors of heroic ages, thick set with statues of the illustrious dead, catching, by the way, echoes of the voices of golden-

mouthed orators, undying philosophers, and immortal bards. We have walked to the measure of Homer's and Virgil's stately hexameters, the charming, tripping lyrics of Horace, and the rhythmic periods of Cicero's sublime oratory and philosophy. We have passed under starry domes and have gazed with Galileo upon infinitudes of space and of worlds, and, from Kepler and Newton, have learned to weigh the planets and measure their orbits as "they wheel unshaken through the void immense." With you, we have plucked precious flowers from the peaks of Parnassus, woven beauteous garlands in the vale of Tempe, and scaled the celestial heights of old Olympus. And have we not oft lingered at the holier shrines of the temple, and visited the awful shades of Sinai and the kindlier heights of Calvary; culled the sweet lily on the cool banks of Siloam, and entwined in the myrtle of Ida the rose of Sharon? Having ushered you rapidly through some of the halls, chambers, and domes of this miniature temple, whose great counterpart you are about to enter; having examined charts and guide-books to enable you better to explore the arcana of the temple of Nature, we have brought you to our threshold to give you our parting benediction. It is mine to pronounce a few brief syllables of counsel ere we dismiss you from these tranquil scenes to the untried, mazy paths your feet must wend. Well do we know the solicitude that fills your minds in this crisis-hour of your lives. Crowding memories of the past and

anxious thoughts of the future in turn sway your agitated hearts. How bewildering to contemplate the inviting, promising paths radiating from this threshold. One highway, broad and beaten, leads to gilded mountains, and the goddess of the brimming horn would conduct you thither; but learn from your guide-books that those shining mountains are but the delusive mirage of a parched and barren desert. *That* beautiful, crowded avenue leads to yon delectable mountains, on whose summit "fame's proud temple shines afar," and Glory, with smooth and honeyed speech, promises to lead you to a high pinnacle of the temple; but Wisdom has recorded for your behoof that the journey is endangered with a thousand pitfalls, that the temple is but a castle of the air, "unsubstantial as the baseless fabric of a dream." At the entrance to *yonder* avenue, with charming form and winning speech, stands Pleasure, luring with enticing blandishments the unwary traveler; beauty is in her eye, grace in all her form, precious promises upon her tongue, a brimming bowl is in her hand; but the unsuspecting thousands that are crowding eagerly into her path in search of earth's sighed-for elysium, learn, oh, how soon! that guile is in her heart, and that her way leads but to the fool's paradise, "where, 'mid the roses, fierce repentance rears her horrid crest." But hark! Amid the uproar and jargon of the many voices clamorous for the leadership, comes there not a sweeter, gentler call? As of old "doth not Wisdom

cry, and understanding put forth her voice?" Yes, clear and thrilling, yet mild and gentle, comes the heavenly summons. With kind authority as it first fell upon Matthew's ear, is spoken to every pilgrim of earth the mandate of Jesus in our text—"FOLLOW ME."

Let the music and the meaning of that voice fall upon your ears to-night, and echo through all the chambers of the soul. Its utterance is the syllabus of the law, the brief epitome of the Gospel, the monogram of all the Evangelists wrote or the Apostles taught.

In speaking to you a few hurried words of counsel, as you step out into the wide world to fulfill the mission of your life, what better can I do, what other dare I do, than to sink myself from view and let Eternal Wisdom speak. At this solemn juncture of your lives, I study not to bring you the deep things of philosophy or the subtleties of metaphysics; but I ask you to heed the voice divine, "breathing the authority of a mild omnipotence, beaming through its veil of human words the majesty, the softened radiance of divinity."

Follow Me, is the imperative of Jesus to Matthew—to us all; beneath it, as the postulate authorizing the command, and from it, as a corollary of the injunction, you find our theme.

THE MODEL LIFE.

"Why, my Lord, does England still retain Christianity?" asked a Parisian lady of Chesterfield. "Because, Madam," said he, "we have as yet been able to find nothing better." Chesterfield's answer is my own, if a reason is desired for presenting, as your model, the life, above every life, of Him whose name is above every name. How inspiring to contemplate the moral sublimity of the life of Jesus! It towers in solitary grandeur in the heights of its multiform perfections. The most illustrious models of human excellence are dwarfed in its presence. We stand mute with wonder before the loftiness of its spiritual elevations. Is it objected to the presentation of a *perfect* model that the consciousness of our inability to equal it is disheartening, and hence it were wiser to essay to pattern after that which we can fully copy? But is it not true in morals, as well as in the domain of mind and of physics, that the mark attained is never higher, but prone to be lower than the aim? Should our best efforts leave us still below the standard we have fixed, yet it cannot be profitless to place in our souls, among our conceptions, and before our aspirations, a model of perfect excellence, to accustom our minds to the contemplation of the life that in perfect degree illustrated the true, the beautiful, and the good? How noble the purpose of Jonathan Edwards, resolving that "if it were supposable that but one absolute specimen of perfect human goodness is to exist in an age, he

would strive to act as if it were his dispensation to be that model in his generation." In lieu, then, of unrolling the scroll of history, calling the roll of the centuries and asking each to present for your imitation, from the list of its canonized heroes, the name the world accounts the purest and the best,—the name of the personage exemplifying in high degree, yet always imperfectly, the virtue, the single trait of nobility that gave him immortality—we present you the life that blended all their excellencies, each in degree never equaled, all in harmony and loveliness never approached. Fully to portray the excellencies of character, the lineaments of beauty that adorned the humanity of Him who "is altogether lovely" might employ an angel's pen, and would require a volume for every page our limits allow. His character is a kaleidoscope of heavenly beauty, revealing combinations of loveliness in endless variety. The measure of our time will be occupied with a few brief views of the Model Life, in

I. *Its Methods*, and in

II. *Its Spirit.*

In considering its methods, we first point you to *his example of preparation for the work of life.* Thirty-three years were the measure of his days; thirty were spent in comparative seclusion, preparatory to his entrance upon his great life-work, and then, in three short but eventful years, he spoke the words and accomplished the deeds that thrilled the heart and stirred

the pulses of the world. Thirty years of preparation for three devoted to the special mission of life! Though all aglow with ardor to accomplish his glorious mission, with admirable self-mastery for three long decades he awaited the fullness of time. How suggestive, how replete with instruction, is this feature of The Model Life. What a rebuke to this age of impatience and wild restlessness—to the multitudes of our youth who, in disregard of the precepts of the wise or the examples of the great, strive to reverse the precedents of the past, and, by inverting the ratio, with three years or less of hurried preparation, confront the labors of twice thirty years. Oh, that the youth of our land could appreciate the economy, the vast gains and savings, of profound and thorough preparation for the solution of the great problems of life! "To know how to wait," said De Maistre, "is the great secret of success." There is nothing so deplorable in the outlook of the work of higher education, nothing that promises so well for the increase of quackery and empiricism in all the professions, as the eager haste of youth to drink the cup of life, the insane desire of Young America to strut out upon the world's stage and illustrate how "shallow draughts from Pieria's spring do but intoxicate the brain." Upon the heart every youth whom I address let this golden apothegm of Montesquieu be engraved with a diamond's point: "Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed." We need, in this fretful,

restless generation, to look well to the dominant temper of our youth, and to sober down the vagaries and delusions that infatuate and then destroy. I know it is the weak effort of half-fledged shallowness to excuse itself by parading the names of the great and the good who have risen to eminence and usefulness without the aid of conventional methods of preparation. All honor to their names and memories, we reply; doubly glorious because of the difficulties through which they struggled, deploring all the while the lack, in their day, of the golden opportunities scorned and trampled under foot by those who, in trying with callow wing to imitate their flight, "do most unearthly flutterings make." Let the young men of America imitate, so far as is possible, the example of the youthful Nazarene, who, though able at the age of twelve to confound the learning of a Sanhedrim, remained in the quiet home of his father's village, "increasing in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man," until fully matured for his stupendous work, that in this too he might be an ensample to coming generations. In method of preparation let them follow him who, having taken æons of time to fit this earth for the few short yearsof man's existence, worked upon the same plan when he dwelt upon it, basing upon long, formative years of solid preparation, the richness, the beauty and the grandeur, that were their legitimate outgrowth and culmination.

The Model Life, whose methods we are considering,

commends itself, too, in its *social* phase. Not in mountain cave or monastic cell did Jesus make his home; his was not a hermit's life. Though everywhere at home, yet no province or city could claim him as its own. He pitched his tent in the midst of human tabernacles, now amid the din of the metropolis, now in the quiet hamlet of Bethany, and then again in the bustle of Capernaum's streets. The rude mountaineers of Galilee and the polished doctors of the law, rustic shepherds and Cæsar's centurions, bond and free, rich and poor, on a common plane met together before him who was the Maker of them all. Whether at Jacob's well, in the fisherman's barge, or in Jerusalem's temple; whether gracing Cana's marriage feast with his presence, or eating with publicans and sinners, he left the same noble example of free and unrestrained, yet pure and irreproachable social intercourse.

In addressing those whose mission it will be to be teachers of others, whether in the pulpit, the schoolroom, or the home circle, it seems inexcusable not to dwell upon the methods of Christ as the Great Teacher of men. His simplicity, directness, aptness, wondrous picture-painting in parable, his beauty and variety of illustration, the charm of his artless address,—all these, however, our limits constrain us to pass, and allow us brief mention of but one other of the methods of his life. Oh, that in it we all were more nearly assimilated to The Model Life! How striking, how significant, *his constancy and fervency in prayer!* Sublime

were the utterances of the world's greatest sermon, pronounced upon the Mount of Gennesaret's northern coast; beautiful the parables spoken from the fishing-boat on its western shore; wonderful the miraculous feast of the hungry multitude upon its eastern borders; majestic the power that spoke its raging billows into a calm, and walked upon its bosom; the ever-living witnesses, these, of his divinity; inimitable because divine; before them we stand amazed in contemplation, commanded to *believe*, not to *follow*. But follow him in his *humanity*, as, companionless, he climbs the rugged steeps of the mountain on the eastern shore. The thousands whom he fed, in quiet homes are hushed in sleep. Night has mantled the mountain and darkness broods upon the sea; but high up upon its brow the Son of Man seeks his repose in divine communion with his Father.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness the fervor of his prayer."

"With the deep solitudes of nature for his oratory," "he continues all night in prayer to God." At home, abroad, at Lazarus' grave, in Gethsemane, on the Cross, everywhere Jesus prays. Action mingles with devotion, active faith alternates with earnest prayer, in all the journey from the manger to the cross. Seek, then, my friends, hallowed communings with your Heavenly Father. Ascend with Jesus and earth's purest, greatest spirits, the mount of prayer, and learn its value and power. No factor that enters into the

solution of the problem of your life is so potential as this. Let the pressure of accumulated worldly duties increase rather than diminish your hours of devotion. Who, since the days of Paul, achieved such prodigies of work as the moral Titan who fought the battles of the Reformation? In all the pressure of his herculean labors he gave three hours daily to secret prayer, and when the opening day brought with it multiplied duties, he was heard to exclaim, "To accomplish the work that is before me I must double my closet hours of devotion to-day." How omnipotent is prayer! Has it not arrested the fiery chariot of the sun, locked the jaws of lions, sealed in death the mailed battalions of Sennacherib, staunched earth's deepest wounds, and brought earth and heaven into nearest communion.

We hasten to point you briefly to a few phases of the *spirit* of *the Model Life*. 1. It breathes the spirit of *humility*. Humble in his birth, unpretending in his life, lowly in his death, was the "Man of Sorrows." In marked contrast with the patrician pride of Cæsar's rulers, and the hollow pomp of haughty Pharisees, was the bearing of Him who, in the world he had created, and had come to redeem, had not where to lay his head. All he did proved the sincerity of his word, that he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Strange as it may seem to those who regulate their lives by the maxims of the world, I can wish you, dear friends, no greater happiness than a life of true, Christ-like humility. Remember that while "God resisteth

the proud," he "giveth grace to the humble." Obey the heavenly command," Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." So doing you shall realize, at last, that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and reach the promised fruition of the beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

2. The spirit of sympathy and love, too, pervaded the Model Life. Love is the key-note to which were attuned all the harmonies of his words and deeds. "His whole life was one ever-blooming charity." His human heart was a fountain of sympathy for human wretchedness and woe. Every want that came to him for supply, every form of distress that sought his relief, every anguished cry for mercy that fell upon his ear, moved to its depths the loving soul of Jesus. The myriad forms of affliction and disease that, at his omnipotent word, fled affrighted from his presence; the funeral procession arrested in its march, its lamentations for the dead turned turned into weeping joy over the living; the tomb of Lazarus, where, as his eye, sweeping over this vast cemetery of earth, saw every grave that sin had dug; where, "as the wailings and sighs of humanity from all lands and ages poured upon his ear a long and loud *miserere*," Jesus wept; these were among the manifestations of his deep sympathy for a fallen world. Great is the power of knowledge, but greater is the potency of love. Intellectual glory is

grand and desirable, but towering high above it in enduring majesty and beauty is the greatness of the HEART. "Remember," said the great but fallen vice-president of the Southern Confederacy to my friend and schoolmate, in whom his quick eye discerned the kind lings of genius and ambition, "Remember, young man, that goodness is better than greatness." Noble sentiment; but better still had his aphorism been formulated—goodness *is* greatness. Tongues shall cease, prophesyings shall fail, knowledge shall vanish away, but charity abideth forever

3. The Son of man was possessed, too, of the *spirit of work—earnest, incessant work.* By example as well as by precept, Jesus consecrated honest toil. Whether in the lowly workshop of Joseph, out upon the highway weary and faint with the journey, or in the labor of the sermon and the miracle, everywhere he is found "diligent in business, fervent in spirit." "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," he exclaimed as he toiled onward and upward in the work of his mission. The primitive curse becomes a benison when we remember that it is Christ-like to work. The dullest task, the most toilsome drudgery, is hallowed and lightened in view of his life. Rejoice, then, if yours be the birthright of toil, and, if it be in the line of duty be not ashamed, though that work be accounted menial by the world. Bronze from the sunbeams better befits manly brows and maiden cheeks than the cosmetics of the shops. No education is complete whose pos-

sessor knows not how to work. Give me the magnetic grasp of the hardened hand of honest industry, rather than the lifeless dalliance of the lily fingers of idleness. From this threshold avenues of noble action open like radii all around you. Every route of honorable achievement has its "Hills of Difficulty," and its "Sloughs of Despond;" but beyond these are the "Beulah Heights" and the "Delectable Mountains" of noble attainment. Not dovelike wings cleave the air in easy flight, but hands and feet, brain and heart and muscle, are given you to avail you in the journey of life.

You have not wings, you cannot soar;
But you have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The massive pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The mighty mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

My time is exhausted—my theme remains inexhaustible. What more shall I say to you, my young friends, at our parting? I can but echo the injunction

of the text, and bid you follow Jesus. With prompt and glad obedience, like Matthew, leave all if need be to follow him.

Let yours be a worthier consecration than that of Hannibal swearing eternal enmity to Rome at the temple altar of the Carthage that was ; here, at a holier shrine of the Carthage that is, be it ours to pledge eternal fealty to truth. For you, first-born children of a youthful mother, benedictions are quivering upon the lips of your friends and hers. Step forth, then, upon the field of life's great battle, with high resolve to do valiant service. For each of you God has marked out your work, and now for its accomplishment, "the Master hath come and calleth for thee." It may be to follow him by publishing in his name the gospel of peace, or, unseen, by ministering to the wants of human wretchedness with the uncostly cup of cold water. In lowliest as well as in highest station, you may follow him in acceptable service. However humble your walk, or elevated your position, Jesus has descended to depths that are lower, and dwells in heights that are infinitely higher. Follow him, and yours is a companion sympathetic in sorrow; a guide infallible in perplexity; a refuge unfailing in danger. Putting forth all your moral activities in submission to his will, bring into the same captivity of ready obedience all the powers of the understanding. When you contemplate the grandeur of his works, the stars and suns of his creation, by easy transition of thought

dwell with adoring wonder upon the star that gleamed o'er Bethlehem's stable, and fill your souls with the transcendent glory of the Sun that proclaimed himself "the Light of the World." When you meditate upon the marvelous events that "in the beginning" marked the birth-hour of the world, the convulsions that rocked the earth, when, at the omnipotent fiat, Chaos was dethroned, and Night, chased by the fleet arrows of light, yielded half her realm, follow him, tracing the legible "footprints of the Creator" upon every stratum-leaf of earth's long-folded volume. When you ponder upon the history of your race, from its Eden cradle through all the bloody chapters of woe, and strife, and sin, follow him, the Ancient of Days, promised in Paradise lost, guiding with hand unseen the march of events, "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," until you find him who was to come, manifest in the flesh, proclaiming himself the door into a lovelier Paradise restored. But follow him closest and oftenest from Calvary by way of the broken tomb to Olivet, and meditate upon time's culminating events. Stand with the grief-stricken disciples upon the mount, as, unable still to follow, they gaze up into heaven. Jesus with extended hands was blessing them, and the benediction, unfinished when the cloud bore him on high, is perpetuated upon you by our High Priest before the mercy-seat above. Often with the orphaned disciples be found looking steadfastly up, anticipating the time when, with eagle's pinions,

the celestial plumage of faith, hope, and love, you shall cleave the clouds of earth, and, in pure etherial skies, shall enjoy the brighter light, fathom the deeper knowledge, and attain the nobler degrees of heaven. When the storm's black wing has darkened your sky, and tempests of sorrow have desolated your hearts and homes, look steadfastly upward, assured that "this same Jesus shall come again," and with new meaning shall thrill earth's waiting millions with the welcome summons, "Follow Me," as he re-ascends, leading in triumph the hosts of the redeemed.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if your footing should fail,
If your eyes should wax dim and your courage depart,
Look aloft, and be firm, be fearless of heart.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to your eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
Look aloft to the Sun which never shall set.

Should they who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Betray you, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should they that are dearest, the friends of your heart,
The loved of your bosom in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb
To the land where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes, with his terrors to cast
His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in your heart,
And a smile in your eye, look aloft, and depart.

IN MEMORIAM

OF

PRES. D. L. TRESSLER, Ph. D.

Tolling, tolling,
Stirring passions past controlling,
Every measured knell is rolling
Over hearts by grief oppressed.
Ringing, ringing!
Every solemn peal is singing
Of a new-born spirit. winging
Swift its way to perfect rest.

Moaning, sighing,
Echo of the heart's out-crying
When its treasured all is lying,
Stricken ere the harvest-time.
Calling, greeting.
Anguished souls with soft entreating,
Soothingly the words repeating,
"Transferred to a better clime."

The day is dark and dreary; for the sun
Looks down into an open grave, and casts
Its yawning shadow back against our hearts,
We stand and gaze all helplessly. How cold
And dark, e'en 'mid God's sunshine, and our friends.
Sealed the eyes,
And stilled forever is the mighty heart
Whose pulses throbbed—and *ceased* for human kind.

That hand, whose clasp has thrilled with reverent love,
Whose charity has blessed unnumbered lives,

That hand, upraised in bendiction oft,
How oft outstretched to shelter, succor, save!
Is irresponsive now, and cold in death.
The constant, urging forces of that heart
Have ceased their conflict; and the field is calm.

To trespass on a holier grief than ours,
Were desecraction. Yet the soul cries out:—
Our tender, generous friend, whose voice beloved
Has guided safe o'er many a rugged path,—
Our counsellor in times of peril,—yea,
Our ever present help in years now gone,—
Is dead. That guiding star whose steadfast rays
Have shed a glow, pure and beneficent
O'er each diverging pathway of our lives,
Is—*quenched?* Our God be thanked!
It is not so.
The hand is cold,—the loving heart is still,—
But radiantly the *stars* shine on forever!

And oh! whene'er the night shall close around,
The night of fierce temptation, selfish pride,
Unholy aspirations, energies
All paralyzed,—behold!—that morning star,
Most glorious orb in memory's firmament,
With pure and steadfast light shines high and far.
The day is born,—the pall of darkness rent!

And *now* the sun that sends its dying beams
Caressingly into the dreary tomb,—
Up—upward through the clouds it leaps and gleams,
And glorious floods of light dispel the gloom!
Then oh! be comforted! For may not we,
With eye of faith, turn from the grave to God.
And though, for thick the clouds, we darly see,
Pass humbly 'neath the sorely chastening rod.

Yes, weep. But O, look upward for a "sign!"
And gloriously gleaming through our tears,
We see, erected by a hand divine,
A "bow of promise" for our future years.

The star gleams brighter as it mounts on high.
The fountain rises ever with its source,
That well-spring in our souls shall ne'er run dry,
But leaping heavenward, spend its heaven-born force.

CARRIE J. BARTLETT, of Class of 1879.

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